

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Father's house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe;
Euermore croft and croft, nothing but croft.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay, then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be blest, it in the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.

And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy waies, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should
And not vnluckily against the Bias:
But soft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away?
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Fairst lovely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman
of him.

Kate. Yong budding Virginitie, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe:
Happier the man whom fauourable stars
A lots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,
That haue bin so bedazzled with the sunne,
That euery thing I looke on seemeth Greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandfire, & withall make known
Which way thou trauestest, if along with vs,
We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amaze me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not scene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio* gentle Sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,

I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may befeeme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*.

And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a leet
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee ialous.

Hort. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she stoward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be vntoward.

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio
is our before.*

Biond. Softly and swiftly fir, for the Priest is ready.
Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chauce to neede
thee at home, therefore leaue vs.

Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,
and then come backe to my mistress as soone as I can.

Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio
with Attendants.*

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentio*'s house,
My Father beares more toward the Market place;
Thither must I, and here I leaue you fir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;

And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke
lowder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe
the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or
two to make merry withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee
shall neede none so long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in
Padua: doe you heare fir, to leaue friuolous circumstances,
I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is
come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with
him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and
here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I fir, so his mother saies, if I may beleue her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna-
uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleue a meanes
to cosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue scene them in the Church together, God
send 'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-
ster *Vincentio*: now wee are vndone and brought to no-
thing.

Vin. Come hither crack hempe.

Biond. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot
mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no fir: I could not forget you, for
I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What you norious villaine, didst thou neuer
see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*?

Biond. What

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes
marie fir see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Ist so indeede. He beates *Biondello*.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will mur-
der me.

Pedant. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of
this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tr. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ser-
uant?

Vin. What am I fir: may what are you fir: oh immor-
tall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a vel-
uet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am
vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband
at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vni-
uersitie.

Tr. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tr. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by
your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why
fir, whaternes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank
my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in
Bergamo.

Bapt. You mistake fir, you mistake fir, praie what do
you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue
brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and
his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Awake, awake mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and
he is mine onlie sonne and heire to the Lands of me sig-
nior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*: oh he hath mured his Master; laie
hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my
sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son
Lucentio?

Tr. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to
the Iaille: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be
forth comming.

Vin. Carrie me to the Iaille?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bapt. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I saie he shall goe to
prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, leaft you be con-
catcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right
Vincentio.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lu-
centio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bapt. Awake with the dotard, to the Iaille with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haile and abusd: oh mon-
strous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoild, and yonder he is, denie him,
forswear him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bapt. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vin-
centio*.

That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to decciue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That sac'd and braued me in this matter so?

Bapt. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,

And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished haue of my blisse:

What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent
me to the Iaille.

Bapt. But doe you heare fir, haue you married my
daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to:
but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie.

Bapt. And I to found the depth of this knauerie.

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown.

Gre. My cake is doug, but Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. Mo fir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's
awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee
Loue staie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.
Better once then neuer, for neuer to late.

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and
Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Gremio, and Widdow:*

*The Seruing men with Tranio bringing
in a Banquet.*

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,

To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,

While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,

And thou *Hortensio* with thy louing Widdow:
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,

My Panket is to close our stomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,

For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but fir and sit, and eate and eate.

Bapt. *Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petruchio*.

Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hort. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Petr. Now for my life *Hortensio* feares his Widdow.

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be afeard.

Petr. You are verie fencible, and yet you misse my
sence:

I meane *Hortensio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He